

# The Democratic Pioneer.

TRUTH, JUSTICE AND THE CONSTITUTION.

BY L. D. STARKE.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., TUESDAY MORNING, APRIL 1, 1856.

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## DEMOCRATIC PIONEER.

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## POETRY.

### NOW--A--DAYS.

How everything has changed,  
How I was sweet sixteen.  
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,  
And the meadows, rock and plain;  
And the bonnets made of braided straw,  
That tied beneath the chin;  
And laid nearly on the neck,  
And fastened with a pin.

Collect the time when I  
Rode father's horse to mill,  
And the meadows, rock and field,  
And when our folks went out to work,  
As sure as I'm a sinner,  
I carried them their dinner.

And young ladies now-a-days,  
Could almost faint away,  
And of riding all alone,  
Wagon, chair or sleigh;  
As for giving "pa" his meals,  
Helping "ma" to bake,  
And "t'woud soil their lily hands,"  
Which sometimes they make ask.

And winter came, 't'woud maiden's heart  
Begin to beat and flutter;  
And when would take his sweetheart out,  
And blushing in a cutter;  
And the storm was bleak and cold,  
And the girls and beaux together,  
And the night had been most glorious fun,  
And never mind the weather.

Now, indeed, it grieves me much  
To be so distant from home,  
And the young man's heart  
Is honest his intention;  
And the girls to ride,  
And the boys to be a vagabond,  
And the girls to be a vagabond,  
And the boys to be a vagabond.

## POLITICAL.

### OF THE CHIEFS OF KNOW-NOTHINGISM AGAINST THE AMERICAN PARTY.

At the Pike of Arkansas, a leading  
and chief among the Know-Not-  
hings issued the following address to  
the American Party. It reads:  
"The miserable patchwork manufac-  
tured at Philadelphia and called a plat-

form is the fraud practiced upon  
the American Party South to consult to  
regard to the platform adopted  
at the national council at its called session.  
The candidates placed upon it by the  
national council.

### THE AMERICAN PARTY SOUTH.

It is necessary for the rank and file of  
the American Party South to consult to  
regard to the platform adopted  
at the national council at its called session.  
The candidates placed upon it by the  
national council.

The existing laws on the sub-  
ject ought to be abided by and  
not, as a final settlement of the  
matter, in spirit and substance; and  
ought to be no further legisla-  
tion on the subject.

That, whether it possesses the pro-  
perties of a slave, or whether it be  
subject of slavery in the Territories,  
that it would be a violation of the  
treaty between the United States and  
Spain, and contrary to good faith,  
to slavery in the District of Columbia.  
That when a new State presents  
for admission in the Union she has  
to come in as she is, and she has the  
right to demand that the constitution  
recognize her as a free State.

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about slavery, but only that it ought to do  
nothing.

No southern American, once having  
planted his feet on that platform, can step  
off from it to another without incurring  
the risk of political ruin and annihilation.  
No southern man ought to abandon, or  
can safely abandon, any one of the four  
propositions. If he does, the South  
ought to, and will, abandon him.

The national council, meeting on the  
call of States which had repudiated the  
June platform, was assembled in February  
for the purpose of repealing the 12th ar-  
ticle. The northern men took control of  
it at the beginning, upon the wrong basis  
of representation, and kept that control.

The 12th article, with all the rest of the  
platform, was struck out, and a new one  
substituted.

That new platform declares that the  
people of a Territory have the right to  
frame their own constitution and laws  
[when?] and regulate their own social and  
domestic affairs; but the word slavery is  
carefully avoided; and it concedes them,  
not the right, but the privilege, of admis-  
sion into the Union when they have the  
requisite population.

It certainly gives up the three first  
propositions of the 12th article, and it waters  
the 4th, so that it amounts to little or  
nothing.

The 1st proposition was the chief one of  
the 12th article. The South imperatively  
demands that the agitation of the subject  
of slavery in Congress shall cease, and es-  
pecially that it shall no longer legislate  
on that subject in the Territories.

The South demands, and has a right to  
demand, in every platform, democratic,  
Whig, or American, specific language on  
the subject of slavery. It does not want  
to be told that laws constitutionally en-  
acted are to be obeyed until repealed or  
decided null by judicial authority. It does  
not want to be told that a new State shall  
have the privilege of admission. It is  
tired of ambiguities, and sick of generalities,  
and, as the matter now stands, when  
a man claims his slave at the risk of li-  
fetime, and at ten times the expense of the  
slave, when clergymen preach sedition,  
and States pass personal liberty acts—am-  
biguities and generalities are a mere trans-  
parent cheat and fraud on the South.

And such a fraud is any platform that  
studiously omits the word slavery, and  
uses round about phrases, circumlocutions,  
to avoid expressing plain ideas.

If the new platform is the same in sub-  
stance as the old, why the change? If it  
is not, the South has no use for it.

The new platform leaves the northern  
men who stand upon it perfectly free to  
agitate against the fugitive slave law, for  
the abolition of slavery in the District, for  
suppressing the trade of slaves between  
different States, and for the restoration of  
the Missouri Compromise; and it specifically  
denounces the repeal of that compromise  
by denouncing the President for abetting it.

I do not envy the northern men who un-  
dertake to defend the new platform after  
once standing on the old one.

I was a member of the national council  
both in June and in February. In June I  
declined first to exclude the question of  
slavery from the platform, (proposing,  
and no unless I could secure, in doing  
so, the men of the party in Massachusetts,  
and elsewhere in the North, who had de-  
clared anti-slavery to be part of the nation-  
al American creed, and having done so  
without apathy, and as a pervaded and  
permeated the organization to improper  
purposes.

Met by a unanimous resolve on the part  
of the northern members to have a declara-  
tion that the Missouri Compromise ought  
to be restored, I aided in establishing the  
12th article. Once upon it, and deeming  
it eminently right in principle, it became  
impossible for me to abandon it, or con-  
sent to its modification. When it was  
struck out, I withdrew from the council,  
and destroyed my credentials as a delegate  
to the nominating convention, in which I  
refused to take my seat.

The American party South cannot stand  
on the new platform. It must necessarily  
repudiate it. On it, it would not carry a  
single county any where.

It is said that the men nominated are  
platform enough. That might be so, if  
we had no platform; if they were on no  
platform; if we had never had a platform.

It is said that the new platform is sub-  
stantially the same as the old one. Then  
how came it to be offered by a free-soiler  
from Illinois, who declared, after it was  
adopted, that he would vote for the admis-  
sion of no State permitting slavery? If it  
is a sham, it cannot be so.

It is not substantially the same. It was  
formed in Washington, to get rid of the  
12th article. It was offered and adopted  
for that purpose in Philadelphia; and we  
may as well look at it frankly in the face.  
It yields up all that we fought for and gained  
in June before.

And now as to the candidates. That I  
may not be misunderstood, let me say that  
I was always a whig until I joined the  
American party. I was a supporter of  
Mr. Fillmore's administration. I was in-  
dignant when he was thrown aside for  
General Scott. What I thought of him  
then I think now.

have felt that my democratic brothers had  
some right to complain of me.

They do feel all over the South that  
they have been trapped; and, my word  
for it, they will not stay in the trap. The  
new platform warrants them in leaving the  
party, and the whig nomination will urge  
them to do it; and they will go back to  
their old faith if the matter is left as it is.

Southern democratic Americans can  
neither stand on the platform nor support  
the candidate.

No southern American can successfully  
defend the platform.

What is to be done? Shall we disband?  
Shall we merge in the democratic party? I  
for one say No. It would be too lame and  
impotent a conclusion; and many of their  
northern allies are no more reliable than  
ours. We are not yet ready to give up  
our American principles. We have sat  
with free-soilers long enough.

Let, then, the State councils of the sev-  
eral southern States at once assemble and  
deliberate. It is high time we were do-  
ing so. Let us lay down one platform for  
all the South, going upon the subject of  
slavery no further than the 12th article  
went, in order that the conservative men in  
the North may stand upon it with us. Do  
not let us force them from us. They will  
stand on that article, if we will be true to  
ourselves. Let us not ask them to do  
more, and that which they cannot do.

Let us place the candidates on that  
platform. If we think we cannot succeed  
with a candidate who endorses all our  
views, let us take a democrat who has been  
tried, and always found true to the South,  
and the constitution, at home and in the  
councils of the country. Let us say to the  
country, we are willing to wait for the  
success of our American principles.

The first thing to do, is to give our country  
quiet. We will take this man, trusting to  
his antecedents. We ask of him no other  
pledges. We will trust to his American  
feelings and instincts to do justice to those  
who, like him, are American-born, confi-  
dent that he will not fill the offices of the  
country with foreigners, to the exclusion  
of those born on the soil.

Let us place the northern democrat—one  
like Bayard and Duquesne, without fear  
and without reproach—and a southern  
whig of our party at once before the coun-  
try, and rally to their flag the conserva-  
tives of the Union.

We need not fear that our American  
principles will not succeed in the end.—  
Unembarrassed by other questions, the  
American instincts of the people will in  
time make them victorious everywhere.

Or, if that does not suit our views, let  
us nominate candidates of our own party,  
on our own platform, nail our flag to the  
masthead, and take the chances of the bat-  
tle; satisfied with defeat if it entails no dis-  
honor and no betrayal of the South.

It is a delicate thing to do—that which  
I am about to do; but the South has too  
many platforms, each State a different one,  
and the same State in some cases, three or  
four in succession.

I submit one to the South, which sev-  
eral gentlemen from different States have  
concurred in framing. It is the June plat-  
form, with some modifications, reduced to  
propositions. It is plain, distinct, specific;  
it needs no interpreter. We would fain  
hope that our brothers in the South may  
accept it. But, at all events, we stand up  
on it, and we mean to stand upon it, now and  
hereafter. It will at least elicit discussion  
and bring about deliberation and action  
perhaps; and that is all which we at  
present purpose to effect.

A P

HUMAN KINDNESS AND BRUTE  
SAGACITY.

Two instances of the preservation of life  
have recently come to our knowledge, of  
one of which certainly there has been no  
notice in the newspapers, but which richly  
deserves notice. The first was an illus-  
tration of human kindness and courage,  
and the other of the almost human sagacity  
and faithfulness of a Newfoundland dog.

The circumstances, as related to us, were  
briefly these:

On Saturday evening last a man and a  
boy were discovered struggling for life in  
Mystic river, nearly opposite to the Naval  
Hospital in Chelsea. Mr. Crockett, the  
gunner in charge of the magazine, and  
some attendants of the hospital, immedi-  
ately adopted measures to rescue the drown-  
ing man and boy, which they accomplished  
on the imminent peril of their own lives.

On the same evening, the occupants of  
the hospital, by a remarkable providence,  
were enabled to save another human life,  
through the aid of a Newfoundland dog,  
belonging to J. G. Gilchrist, the surgeon of  
the hospital. During the evening the dog  
was noticed to be very restless about the  
house, so much so as to attract special at-  
tention and induce the men to watch her  
movements. Finding at length that she  
had attracted the attention of the people  
about the hospital, the dog immediately set  
off from the house. She was followed,  
and led directly to a man at a little dis-  
tance from the hospital, lying insensible in  
the snow and ready to perish. He was  
immediately carried to the hospital, and on  
the application of suitable remedies recov-  
ered.

It was afterwards ascertained that the  
sagacious and affectionate dog had dis-  
covered the dying man and had stretched her  
self at full length upon the body, for the  
apparent purpose of warming it into sensi-  
bility, but finding this unavailing, had  
then set out for the hospital, to tell her  
master and his associates there that a man  
was dying almost within sight. Fortu-  
nately the people of the hospital were observ-  
ant of the movements of the intelligent ani-  
mal, and rewarded her watchful fidelity  
by rescuing the object of its from certain  
death.—Boston Traveller

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### THE DACOTAH'S CAPTIVE.

A Tale Of The Lead Mines Of Iowa.  
BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

While the Spanish colonists ravaged the  
southwestern portions of North America in  
quest of gold and the English platted the  
germ of self-governing on the eastern coast,  
the French were but the agents of homo  
merchants, who enjoyed a monopoly of the  
various traffics, and were sustained in the  
enjoyment of it by the strong arm of mili-  
tary power. To the trading association in  
particular we owe this discovery of the  
Mississippi, by the son of one of the mem-  
bers—the intrepid La Salle. In this day,  
lead was first discovered within the pre-  
sent limits of the State of Iowa, but the  
noted Julien Du Buque was the first who  
taught the Indians to collect the ore and  
make an article of trade of it. He was not  
only a brave but crafty man, and after his  
death, the savages, in compliance with his  
wish, deposited in the summit of a high  
cliff overlooking the "Father of waters,"  
securing the mouth of the Mississipi with  
a massive leaden door of a ton weight.  
They then burned his dwellings and crad-  
led every trace of civilized life round his  
settle out, except the orchards planted by  
his own hands. Vandal whites afterwards  
cut up the door to sell, but the name of Du  
Buque will ever be remembered in Iowa.

Years passed away. The white flag of  
France no longer waved over the Mississipi  
valley, and the bold frontiersman, ad-  
vancing on the frontier of civilization,  
crossed the river in quest of lead ore,  
game and fertile soil. One of the first set-  
tlements thus established, was formed by  
a party from Kentucky, led by the grand-  
father of the younger generation—old Joe  
Bates, a noble specimen of a frontier man  
—seventy winters had whitened his long  
locks, but he was still hale and hearty,  
able to wield an axe with any of his sons,  
or to draw a rifle with that fatal ac-  
curacy of aim which had enabled him to  
render good service at the battle of New  
Orleans. Selecting a good locality on the  
very shore of the Mississippi, old Joe and  
his sons built a log cabin, surrounded by a  
stockade to keep off the Dakotahs. Then  
surrounding a "clear up" with a worm fence,  
dedicated the standing trees by the fat-  
l axe circle, and planted corn. When their  
corn was well above the ground and freed  
from weeds, they began to prospect for  
lead ore.

Thus far they had seen no Indians, and  
began to flatter themselves that the "red  
skins" had left the country to their peace-  
ful possession, but the wily savages had  
kept a constant watch upon their move-  
ments. Perhaps, had they confined them-  
selves to agricultural labors, the intruders  
might have gone on unmolested, especially  
as the Dakotahs wished to conciliate the  
United States government into a profitable  
trade, but when pig-axes were wielded in  
search of lead ore, the destruction of the  
pale faces was resolved upon in council.

The first object of savage vengeance was  
the oldest son, Frank Bates, who had built  
him a cabin about five hundred yards from  
"headquarters," despite the warnings of old  
Joe. Frank was a brave, but not a coward,  
and lived with his wife and babe in great  
happiness, until one summer's night, when  
he was awakened by the loud barking of  
his dogs. Springing from his bed, he  
looked through an opening in the logs, and  
saw to his horror, at least fifty Dakotahs,  
in full war costume, evidently seeking  
the easiest way to force an entrance into  
the cabin. Arousing his wife, he raised  
a cellar trap door, and was about to send  
her down, when the child she had left in  
bed began to cry.

"I cannot leave my babe," said she.  
"Nay," he exclaimed, "I will take care  
of the boy," and almost forcing her down  
into the small cellar he closed the unhinged  
door, over which he drew a large chest.  
Then seizing his rifle and hatchet he took  
the infant and ascended to the loft of the  
cabin, pulling the ladder up after him.

A moment more the door was forced from  
its hinges and the Dakotahs entered, eager  
for their prey. But Bates did not remain  
to watch their movements, for lashing his  
boy to his shoulders, he cautiously opened  
a shutter in the gable of the loft, and, see-  
ing that no Indians were beneath, jumped  
to the ground, rifle in hand.

He had traversed his little garden, the  
air was under with the blood chilling  
tone of the war whoop, and a volley of ar-  
rows rained around the fugitive. Happily  
only one struck him, and that in the fleshy  
part of the arm, so that he kept on strain-  
ing every nerve to reach the stockade  
around his father's cabin. But ere he had  
gone many paces a gigantic Indian over-  
took him. Turning like a stag at bay, he  
faced his antagonist, and then sped on  
with the butt of his rifle and then sped on  
his way. But, now, to his horror, he saw  
a large body of the Dakotahs around his  
father's dwelling as he approached, firing  
over on the roofs of the cabins with arrows  
to which burning tow was attached.

He paused—but the cries of his boy  
aroused him to a sense of his own danger  
and his wife's perilous situation. Directing  
his steps toward the river where he found  
his dug out safely moored, he soon was  
paddling across the river to a settlement  
where there was a large number of whites.

Day had scarcely dawned on the suc-  
ceeding morning, before twenty miners,  
cool men and true, were ready to accom-  
pany him across the river. They cared  
no more for Dakotahs than for prairie dogs,  
and acted upon the spur of the moment,  
regardless of consequences. Crossing above  
his residence, young Bates led them to-  
ward his clearing, but on arriving there  
nothing remained but a moldering pile of  
ashes. His beloved wife had evidently  
perished in the flames, for among the ashes  
and charred beams in the cellar they found  
some blackened bones. Just then they  
were joined by old Joe Bates and two of

his younger sons, armed to the teeth.—  
They were delighted to see Frank alive.  
For they had feared that the column of  
smoke that had arisen from his cabin was  
his monument, but now they did their best  
to console him in their rough way. He  
said but little, but secretly vowed to  
avenge his wife's death, and well did he  
keep his word. To have seen him, no one  
would have supposed that the mild look-  
ing, slender built Frank Bates was an in-  
lustrate demon in flight with the Dakotahs,  
yet within a year after his cabin was burnt  
he had twenty scalps hanging at his girdle.  
Vengeance seemed this only thought  
—his life's desire.

For some time after his outrage the Da-  
cotahs kept away from the miners; but at  
last a party of them came prowling about,  
and the miners determined to have a little  
brush with them. Who was so compet-  
ent to lead the party as that sworn enemy of  
the "red skins," Frank Bates? The party  
engaged two Winnebagoes as guides, and  
then struck into the forest, following a regu-  
lar trail. The third night of their jour-  
ney, a wary leader insisted on standing  
sentinel, and about midnight the crack of  
his rifle awakened every sleeper. In an  
instant every man was on his feet, rifle in  
hand, ready to repel any lurking foe; but  
a low whisper from Frank announced that  
there was no danger. Morning came, and  
as the party crowded around the sentinel  
to learn the cause of the alarm, he merely  
pointed to what appeared to be a huge  
bear; a nearer approach to the object dis-  
covered to their astonishment the grim vis-  
age of a dead Dakotah, enveloped in the  
skin of a gigantic beaver, who thus dis-  
guised had attempted to reconnoitre the po-  
sition of the frontiersmen.

Frank felt assured that they were near  
their enemy, and followed their trail in  
silence, on the alert for their foe. On  
reaching the summit of a knoll, they saw  
the village before them—a collection of  
high conical tents, made of dressed buffa-  
lo skins sewed together, and ornamented  
with rude representations of the battle or  
the chase. On the outskirts were the  
squaws, engaged in the laborious occu-  
pations, which fall to their lot. Their in-  
fants, tightly bound to straight strips of  
bark, were tied to small bent over birches,  
which gently danced them to sleep; and the  
boys of the village, with bow and arrow,  
were shooting at the representation of a  
Kansas hunter. In the centre of the vil-  
lage, before the towering tent of the chief,  
sat the brave, smoking their tomahawk  
pipes with social gravity.

The white men looked at the priming of  
their rifles; but their sharp hunting knives  
between their teeth, and with a deafening  
yell rushed down through the frightened  
squaws, ere the Dakotahs could compre-  
hend what caused the alarm. Dashing in  
to the startled group of warriors with fierce  
war-whoops, they dealt destruction around  
them. The chief was the first slain, bravely  
defending himself and encouraging his  
warriors, who nobly struggled to avenge  
his death, but all in vain.

Frank Bates fought like a demon, but  
at one time was nearly a victim to a stal-  
wart warrior. But glancing at his oppo-  
nent Frank recognized in a gay red hand-  
kerchief around his head, his marriage gift  
to his last wife. This added renewed  
strength to his body and increased activity  
to his arm, and he seized his assailant  
with his left arm, lifted him from the  
ground, and at the same time with nerve-  
force thrust his knife into his heart.

This decided the battle, for the surviving  
Dakotahs, panic-struck at the sudden at-  
tack, rushed to the spot where their horses  
were tethered and escaped into the forest.  
Upwards of fifty dead warriors remained  
on the bloody field, and others grievously  
wounded, but not a single white man was  
seriously injured.

The women and children fled to the  
woods and the whites found an abundance  
of plunder, comprising blankets, rich furs,  
horses, dried meats and tents. But Frank  
Bates felt at heart, for the sight of this  
memento of his wife made him feel she had  
been tortured before perishing in the flames.  
Night came on, and feeling positive that  
he could not sleep, he volunteered to keep  
watch. It was a bright moonlight night,  
and as he was pacing his solitary round,  
planning new schemes of vengeance, he  
heard a light step approach from the thick-  
ets.

Frank at first raised his rifle to shoot  
down the intruder, but a secret influence  
led him to call out: "What comes there?"  
"Are you a white man?" was the reply,  
in tones that produced an indescribable ef-  
fect upon the stout hearted pioneer.

"Yes, and you?"  
"I am Frank Bates's wife who was taken  
prisoner over on the Mississippi," and as  
she spoke, she advanced.

The rifle fell to the ground, and Frank  
stood as if under the influence of a magic  
spell. His hands were convulsively clenched,  
his hair stood erect on his head, a shiver  
ran through his frame and he tottered  
back several paces. But not so the female,  
who had recognized her husband as she drew  
near and now exclaimed as she drew  
him into his arms.

"Frank! my own Frank! Do you not  
know your wife?"  
Yes, it was his long mourned bride, he  
featuring stamped with sorrow, but still  
retaining her early beauty. Mutual ex-  
planations followed, and when the deluged  
wife learned the safety of her boy, all  
her hardships vanished. It now appeared  
that when the Indians had entered Bates's  
house, they found a keg of whiskey of  
which they drank freely, and then plun-  
dered everything, removing the chest in  
their recesses. Soon two of them quar-  
relled for the handkerchief Bates had seen  
the day previous, and drawing their scalp-  
ing knives, one speedily received a mortal  
stab, and fell directly upon the trap-door,  
through which his blood ran upon the  
hidden wife. She believing that it came  
from the veins of her husband, shrieked  
aloud, thus betraying her place of conceal-  
ment, dragging her forth her captors bound  
her, then rifling the cabin, applied  
the torch. The body of the slain  
Dakotah was consumed, and over his

bones Bates had mourned as for those of  
his wife.

That day they "packed" the plunder ap-  
on what horses the Dakotahs had left, and  
started for their homes, which they re-  
gained in safety. The proceeds of Frank  
Bates's share of the spoils enabled him to  
rebuild his house, but this time close to  
that of his father and enclosed with a high  
stockade. The Dakotahs, however, never  
returned, and in course of time were driven  
to the far West. Frank Bates is now  
one of the wealthiest land holders in Iowa,  
a member of the State Senate, Judge of  
the county court, and Major General of  
Militia. Time has dealt leniently with  
him and his wife, but neither forgets the  
captivity. Their son never passes the  
scene of his father's flight on that memora-  
ble night without feeling a renewed sense  
of his filial obligations, and a deeper love  
for his boyhood's home.

### GAZING AT THE CLOUDS.

An esteemed correspondent furnishes us  
with the following amusing adventures:  
A short time since I jumped into a city  
omnibus near the Crystal Palace. There  
were in the vehicle at the time four other  
persons. One of them was a tall, hand-  
some, elegant dressed man, rather stout,  
with large black mustaches, and a dark,  
piercing eye. There was a sternness in  
his look which made it appear disagreeable,  
and I was puzzled to find out why he gazed  
so intently upon me. He did not how-  
ever, leave me long to think on the sub-  
ject; for presently, in the most respectful  
manner, he bade me "Good morning," left  
the seat he occupied, and took one beside  
me. This maneuver I could not account  
for, but thought he had mistaken me for  
some acquaintance. For a few seconds he  
seemed absorbed in meditating upon some  
weighty matter, and, as if studying the  
weather, looked up at the clouds, and then,  
turning round to me, remarked,  
"We are going to have bad weather, sir;  
very bad indeed. The atmosphere is heav-  
y—it is oppressive—it is intolerable—it  
is regular suicidal weather, sir." I re-  
plied that the weather certainly was bad,  
but that I did not think, though I might  
probably be mistaken, it was bad as he  
represented it to be. This did not satisfy  
him, and, viewing me steadily for a mo-  
ment, he said—"Not so bad—indeed! I  
am astonished, sir, to hear you speak thus.  
It is a favorite study of mine. Gaze up  
at you cloud! Look, sir, look—look at  
that awful cloud! that is uncharged, sir,  
with typhus fever; and that, sir, (point-  
ing to heaven,) that one you see there in  
the eastern horizon is crammed with chol-  
era, a yellow fever, and other terrible mal-  
adies! Look, sir, (and he caught me firm-  
ly by the arm,) look at that tremendous  
pestilential cloud, how rapidly it moves  
above us. O, this sinful city will surely  
meet its long threatened fate!"

I now became tolerably well satisfied  
that I was in the company of a lunatic,  
and heartily wished to be rid of him; but  
he was not to be so easily shaken off. I  
moved a few inches from him, and he im-  
mediately followed me, remarking that he  
would be happy to give me suitable in-  
structions on his "favorite study." If I had  
no objection, on another occasion, and,  
catching me once more by the arm, thea-  
trically exclaimed—"Up with your eyes,  
sir! up! up! I must free you from the threat-  
ening danger. The density of the atmos-  
phere—beware of this! Remember my words.  
Good morning, sir!" He got out of the  
stage at Fourteenth street, and feeling  
somewhat relieved at his departure, I ad-  
dressed my fellow passengers thus:—

"Poor fellow! What calamity can have  
deprived him of his senses. It is mourn-  
ful to see so noble looking a man thus af-  
fected." Those who were in the stage oc-  
casionally with me, and we continued to  
converse on his antics for about ten minutes  
when I had occasion to put my hand in  
my pocket for my pocket-book. I searched  
for it for some time, but lo! it had van-  
ished. He whom I believed to be a lunatic  
was a dexterous thief—had actually cut  
my pocket with some sharp instrument,  
and carried off my pocket-book! My lit-  
rary pocket-book, too, good reader! But  
never was a thief more deceived. It con-  
tained one twenty-five cent piece; neither  
more nor less; about fifty small paragraphs,  
gleaned from time to time—some were  
grave, more humorous, but all were moral,  
which I hope will be a benefit to him—  
several flattering editorial notices of the  
National, from sundry periodicals, which  
I probably would have presented, as a  
new year's gift to the editor; a few lines  
from an esteemed friend, now traveling in  
Europe, and the private addresses of about  
two dozen acquaintances, none of whom I  
hope the handsome, well-dressed man,  
with the black mustache, will visit, and  
in my name, introduce himself to their  
pockets. A more pool piece of impudence  
and hypocrisy I never before witnessed.  
Reader, my adventure is not without a  
good moral—never judge from appear-  
ances.—National Magazine.

THE FATE OF A FLIRT.</











under clothing on man  
ler: FRANK VAUGHAN  
oct 9